



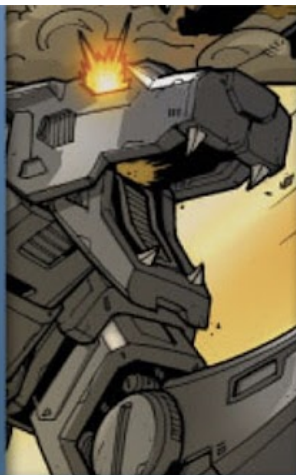
Cover A
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THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



NICK
2006

SOUNDWAVE



He trusts no one, and no one trusts him. He appears to serve the Decepticon cause but serves himself first and foremost. Charged with policing the pumps and processors of his fellow Decepticons, he does so with zeal. To him, knowledge is power, and he knows everything there is to know about everyone... except, perhaps, himself! His name...

...IS SOUNDWAVE.



THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT SOUNDWAVE

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EDEN, TEXAS. 1984:

THE VIEWPOINT IS PERFECT. FROM HERE,
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING, HEAR
EVERYTHING. NOTHING MOVES...

...WITHOUT MY BEING AWARE OF IT.

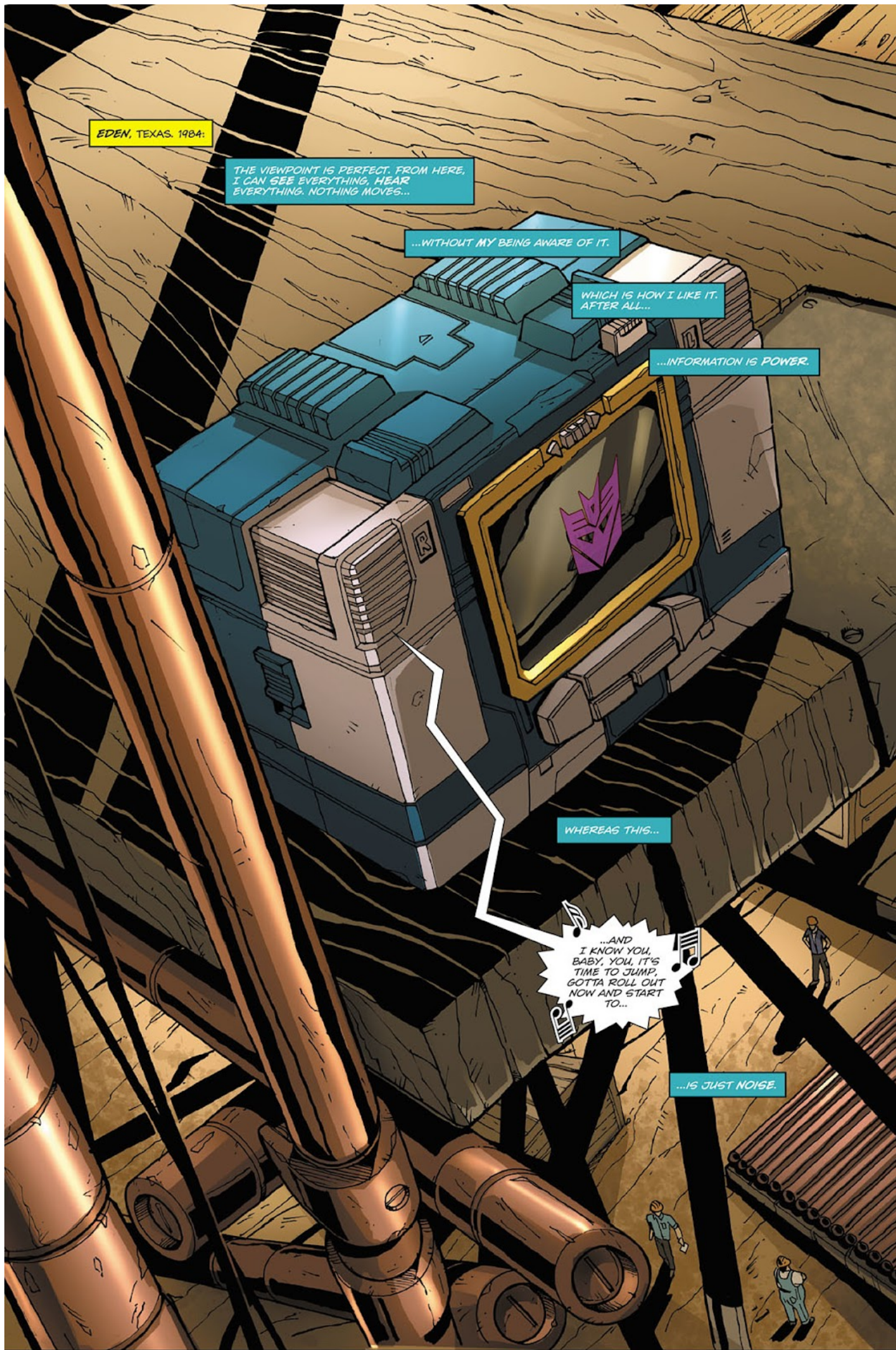
WHICH IS HOW I LIKE IT.
AFTER ALL...

...INFORMATION IS POWER.

WHEREAS THIS...

...AND
I KNOW YOU,
BABY, YOU, IT'S
TIME TO JUMP,
GOTTA ROLL OUT
NOW AND START
TO...

...IS JUST NOISE.





FIVE DAYS NOW I'VE BEEN AMONGST THEM. THESE SWEATING, GRASPING CREATURES...

...WATCHING THEM STRUT, FULL OF THEIR OWN SELF-IMPORTANCE, WHILE PRIVATELY BEMOANING THEIR WORTHLESS LIVES.



THE URGE TO SIMPLY PUT THEM ALL OUT OF THEIR PETTY MISERIES HAS GROWN EXPONENTIALLY DURING THAT TIME.

LUCKILY FOR THEM...



...I HAVE OTHER, MORE SPECIFIC, CONCERNS.

THOUGH THEY APPEAR HUMAN, BOTH ARE, IN FACT, FACSIMILE CONSTRUCTS, ARTIFICIAL BEINGS GROWN IN FUSION TUBES. THEY REPLACED THEIR NAMESAKES SIX DAYS AGO.

SINCE THEN THEY HAVE MAINTAINED A STEADY FLOW OF INFORMATION BACK TO THEIR CONTROLLER, ALL OF IT CENTERED AROUND A MYSTERIOUS ORE SAMPLE EXTRACTED FROM THIS EXPLORATORY DIG...

OUR INITIAL FINDINGS HAVE BEEN CROSSCHECKED AND VERIFIED.



THEIR HUSHED, CLANDESTINE UTTERANCES...

IT'S **ULTRA-ENERGON**. WE'RE TO MAKE OUR WAY TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT AT DUSK.

...ARE DULY RECORDED FOR POSTERITY.

ARE WE BEING RECALLED?



THERE'S... SOME **ORDNANCE** INVOLVED.

AT LAST. THEY HAVE BEEN SUMMONED...

...BY **BLUDGEON**.

YOU WILL CONDUCT A FULL AND PAINSTAKING INVESTIGATION...



...INTO ALL SHOCKWAVE'S CURRENT AND ARCHIVED PROJECTS.

I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS WORKING ON. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

VERY WELL. YOU ARE DISMISSED...

THRESH!

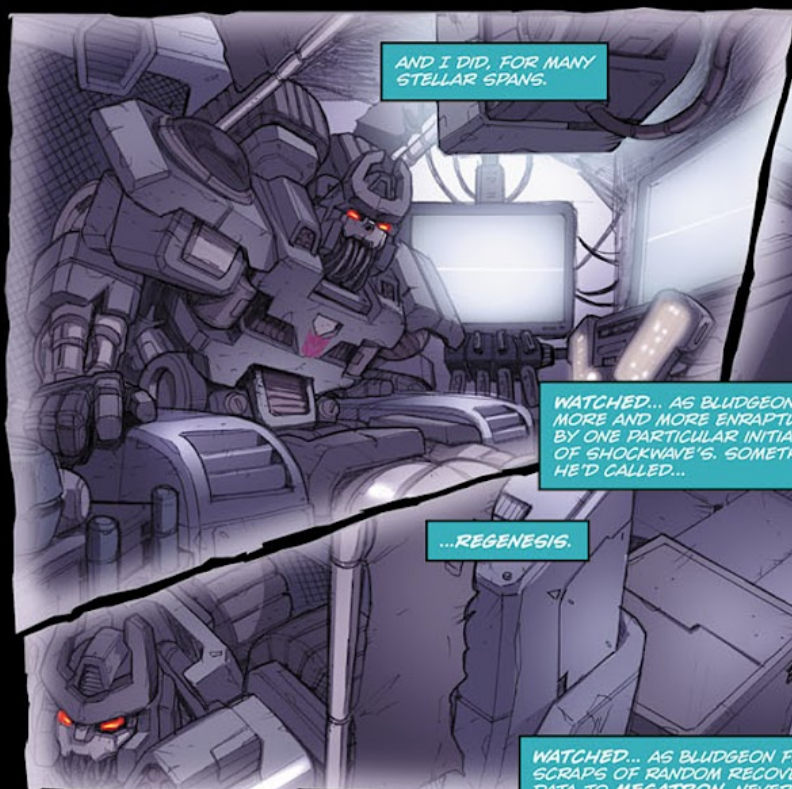
SHAM!

OH... COMPLETELY.

SOUNDWAVE...

...KEEP AN OPTIC ON HIM.

YES, LORD MEGATRON.



AND I DID, FOR MANY
STELLAR SPANS.

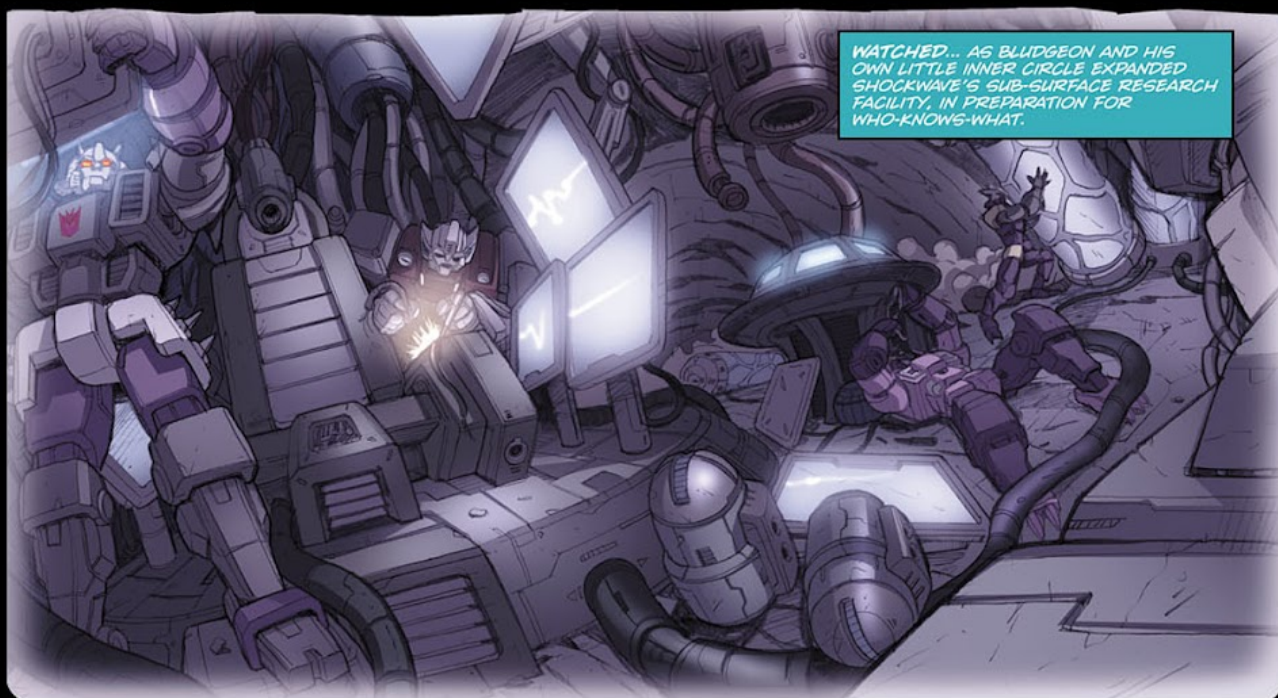
WATCHED... AS BLUDGEON GREW
MORE AND MORE ENRAPTURED
BY ONE PARTICULAR INITIATIVE
OF SHOCKWAVE'S. SOMETHING
HE'D CALLED...

...REGENESIS.

WATCHED... AS BLUDGEON FED
SCRAPS OF RANDOM RECOVERED
DATA TO MEGATRON, NEVER
ONCE MENTIONING REGENESIS.



BY THE SAME TOKEN,
NEITHER DID I.



WATCHED... AS BLUDGEON AND HIS
OWN LITTLE INNER CIRCLE EXPANDED
SHOCKWAVE'S SUB-SURFACE RESEARCH
FACILITY, IN PREPARATION FOR
WHO-KNOWS-WHAT.

WATCHED... AS SOMETHING WAS RECOVERED FROM CYBERTRON'S DEPTHS AND THEN SEALED BEHIND BLAST DOORS AND GUARDED AROUND THE CLOCK.

WATCHED... AS—MUCH LATER, WELL AFTER CYBERTRON HAD BEEN OFFICIALLY DECLARED OFF-LIMITS—BLUDGEON, IGUANUS AND BOMB-BURST MADE PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY...

...TO EARTH.

AND...

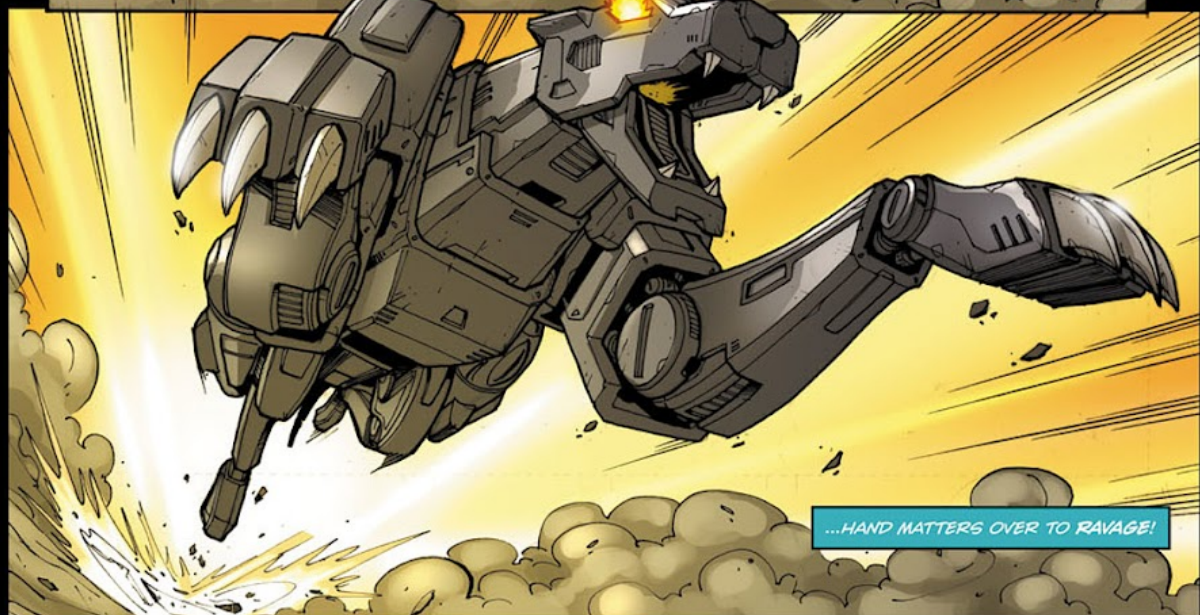
...WE'RE DONE.

DON'T KNOW 'BOUT YOU, HIRO, BUT AH'M HEADED STRAIGHT TO THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE.

THANK YOU FOR THE INVITATION, BUD-SAN, BUT HAVING SPENT ONE EVENING IN YOUR "WATERING HOLE"...

...I FIND I HAVE NO GREAT DESIRE TO REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE.

EH, SUIT YOURSELF.

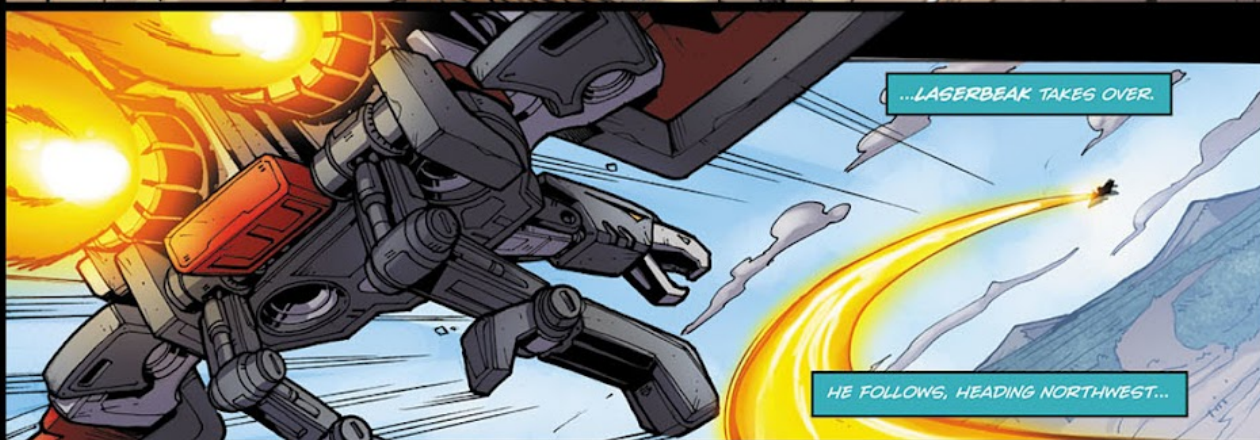




AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT, FAR FROM THE NEAREST HUMAN SETTLEMENT, THEY'RE MET.



AT WHICH POINT...




...LASERBEAK TAKES OVER.

HE FOLLOWS, HEADING NORTHWEST...



...TO MOUNT ST. HELENS, NEAR THE REGION KNOWN AS OREGON.



AND, AS BOMB-BURST PENETRATES THE HOLOMATTER SCREEN MASKING THE ENTRANCE TO BLUDGEON'S TEMPORARY BASE OF OPERATIONS...



...LASERBEAK CARVES OUT A MAKESHIFT EGRESS OF HIS OWN.

INSIDE...

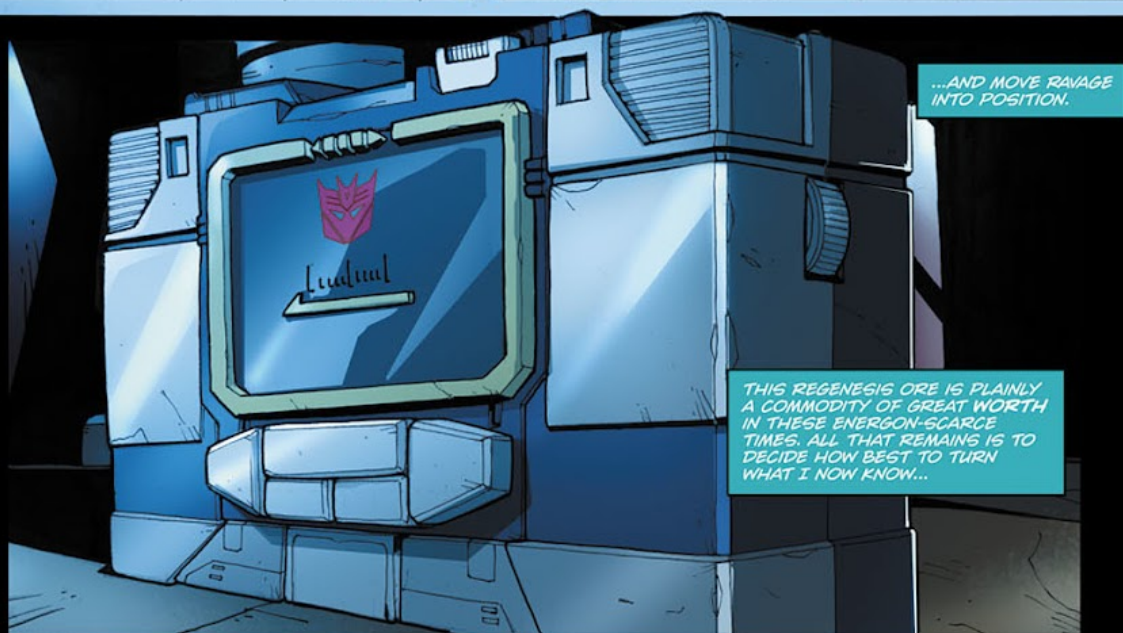
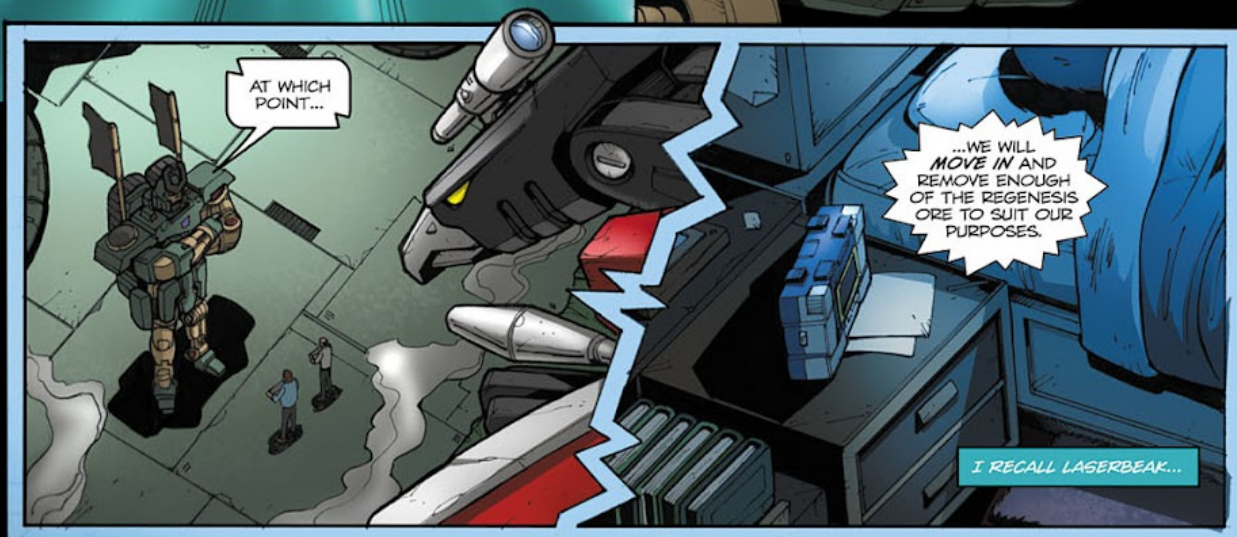
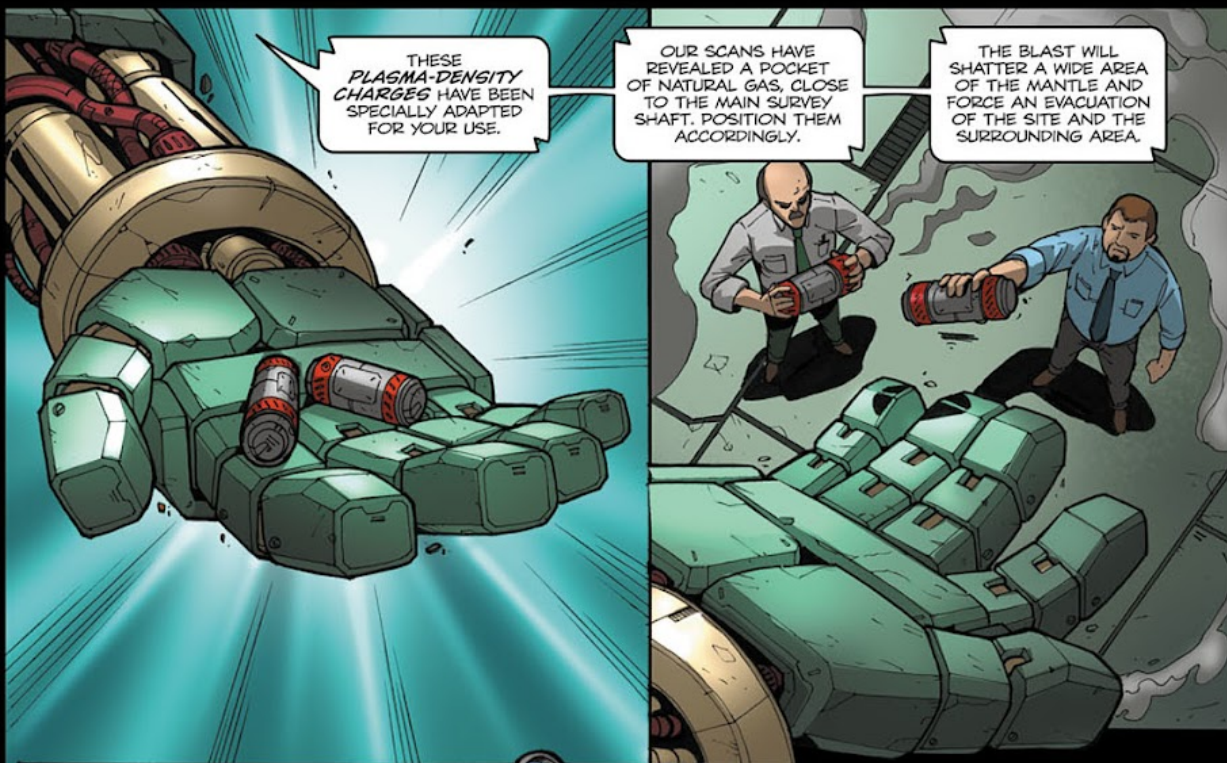
...THE FACSIMILES MEET THEIR MAKER.

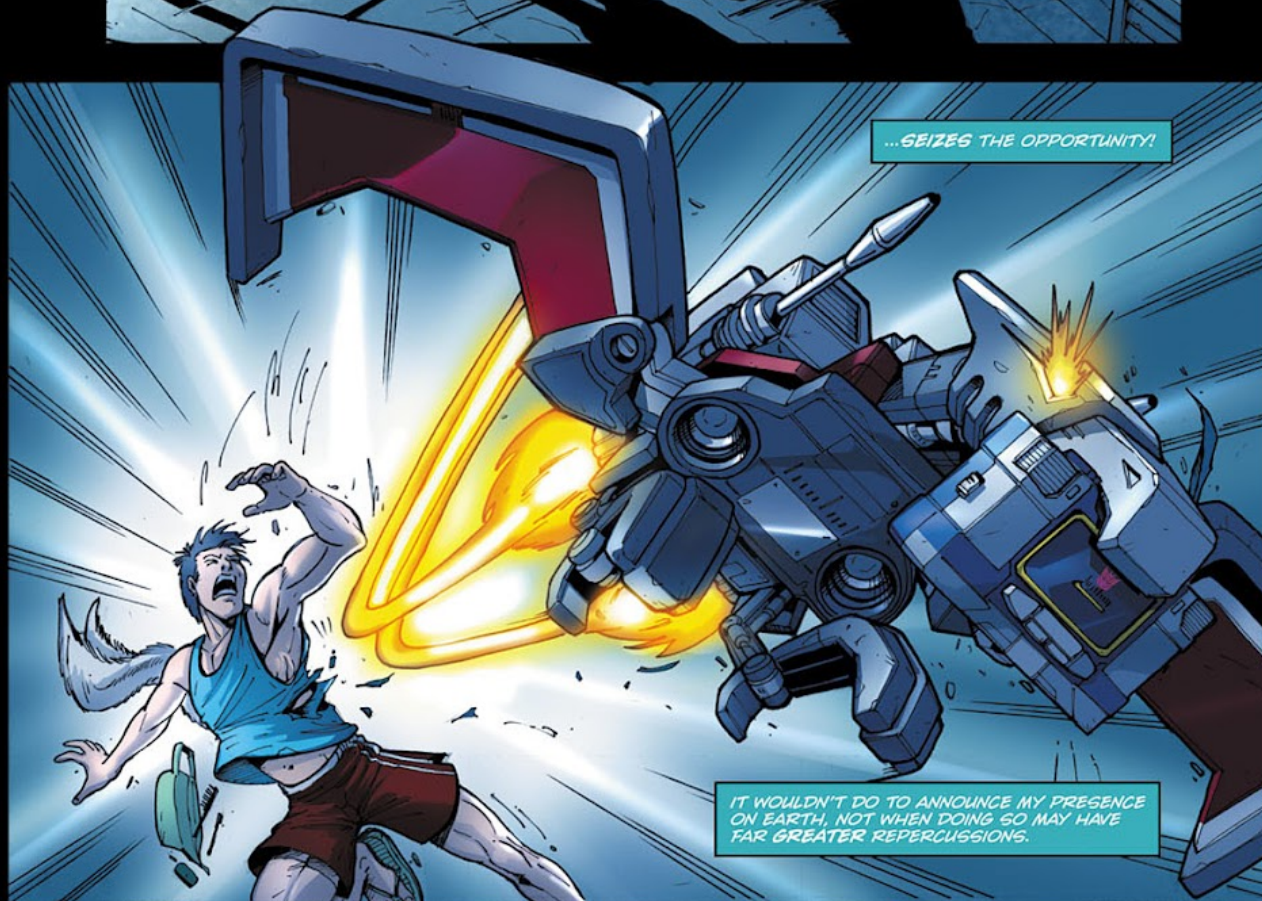
FLEMING,
MARKHAM...

...YOUR WORK IS ALMOST DONE. ONE MORE TASK REMAINS, AFTER WHICH WE SHALL RETURN TO CYBERTRON AND YOU TWO...

...SHALL RETURN TO THE OBLIVION FROM WHENCE YOU CAME.

WE UNDERSTAND.







AND, BY THE TIME
THEY'VE GATHERED
THEIR HAUL AND
RETURNED TO BASE...



...I'M THERE WAITING.



MOMENTARILY DISORIENTED FROM
THE ORBITAL BOUNCE, I LET THEM
GATHER THEIR WITS...

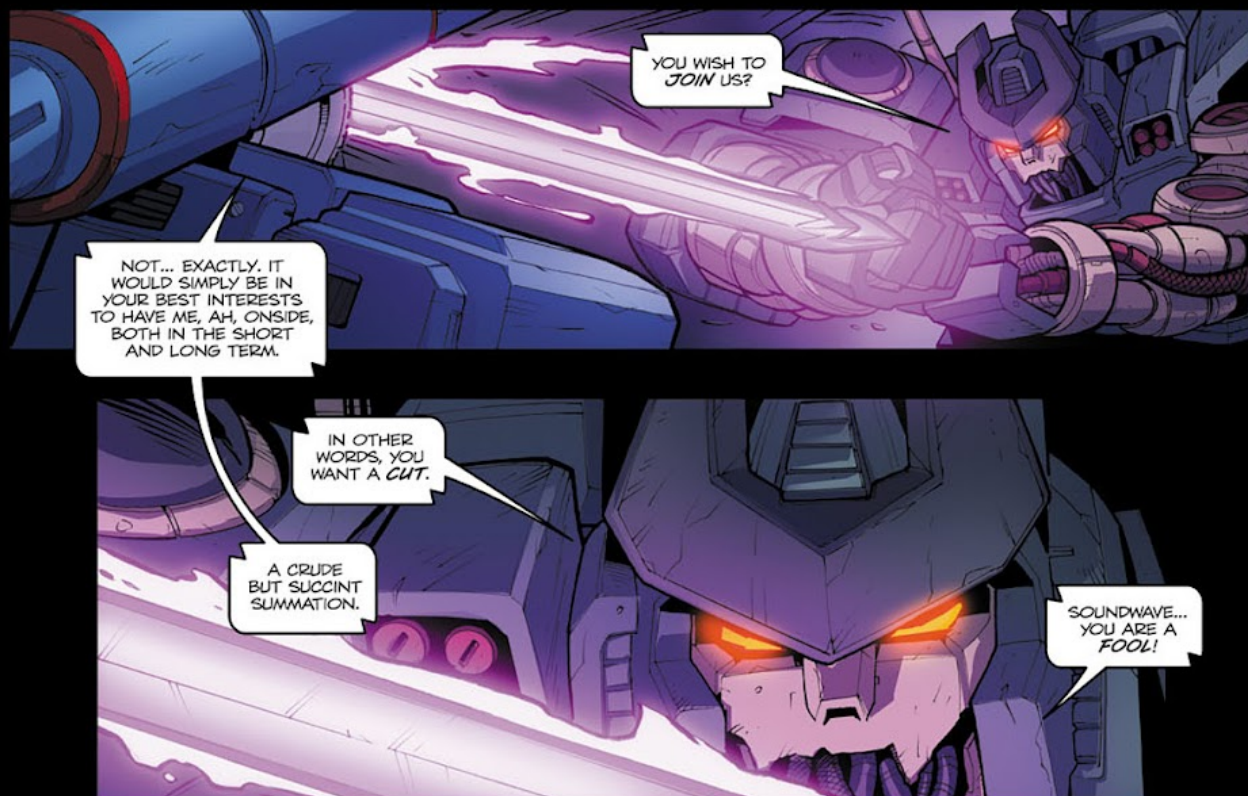
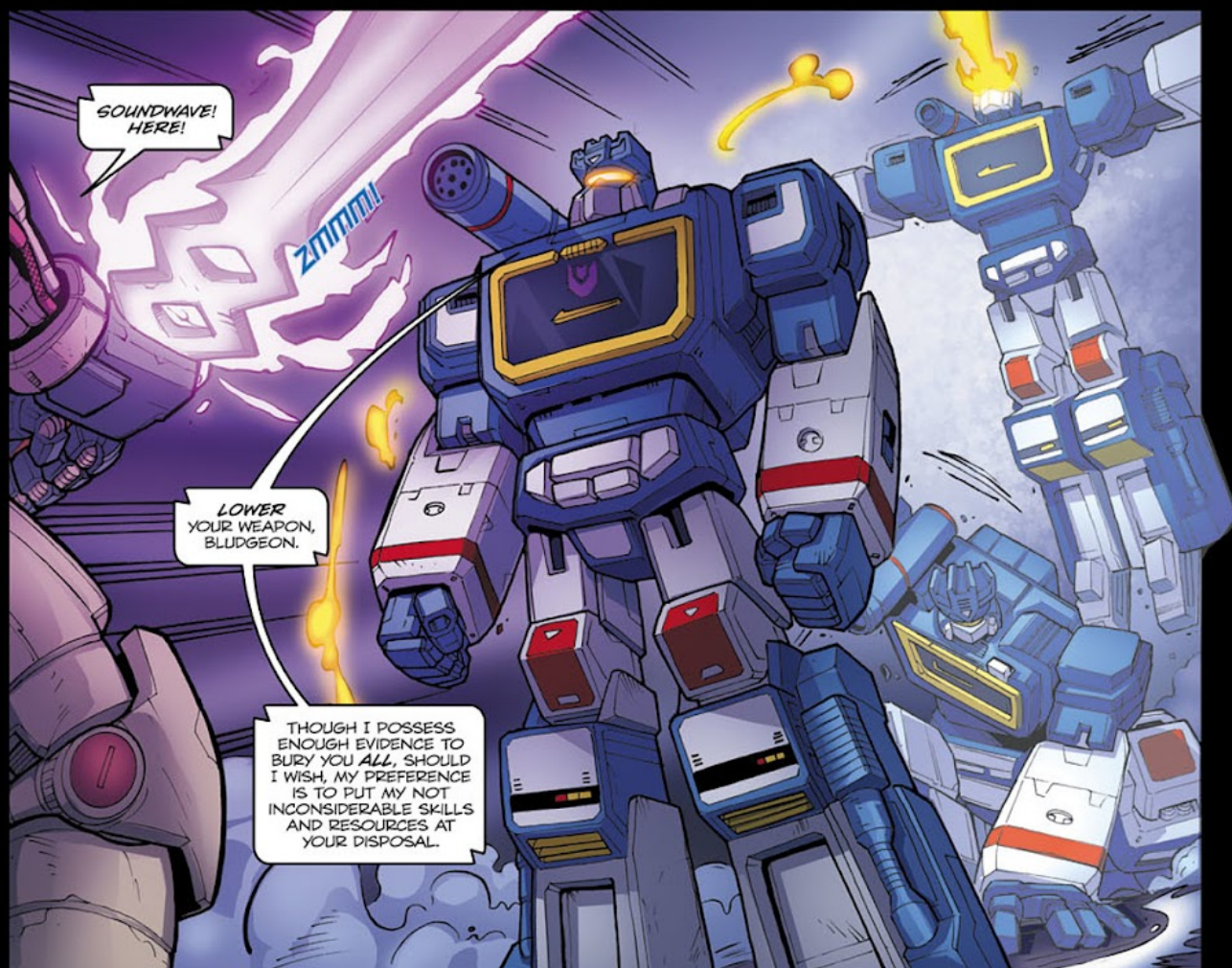


...BEFORE ANNOUNCING
MY PRESENCE!

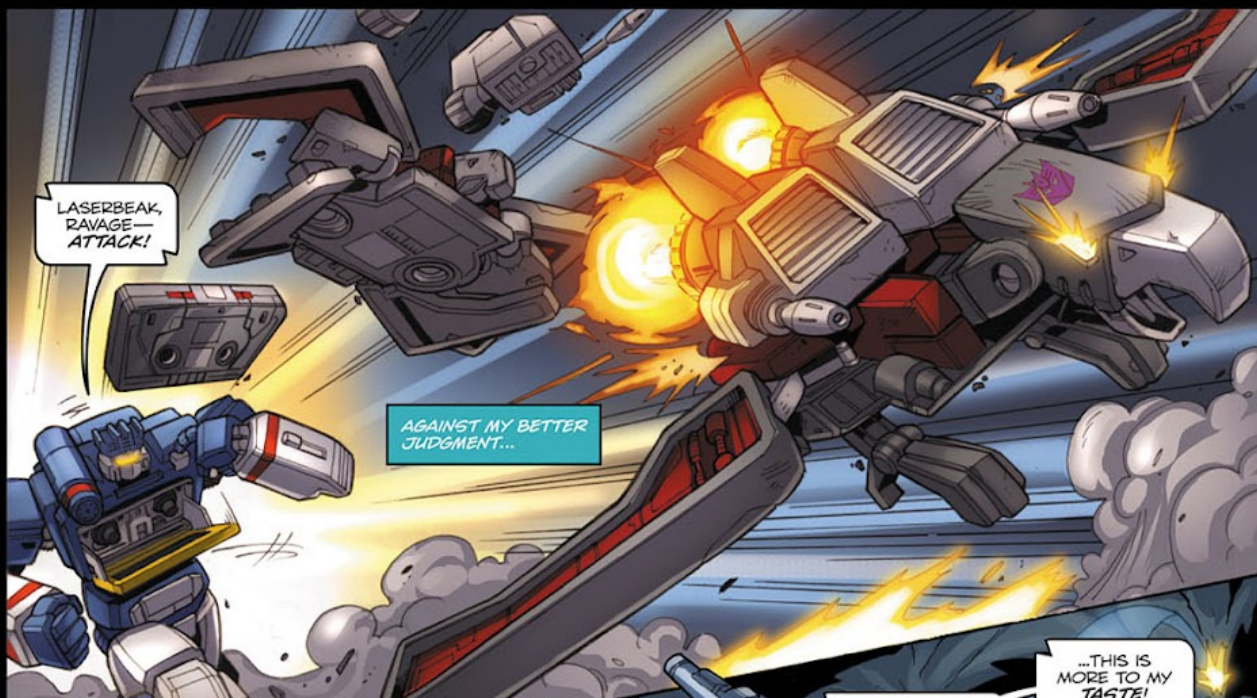
GREETINGS, FELLOW
DECEPTICONS!

EH-?









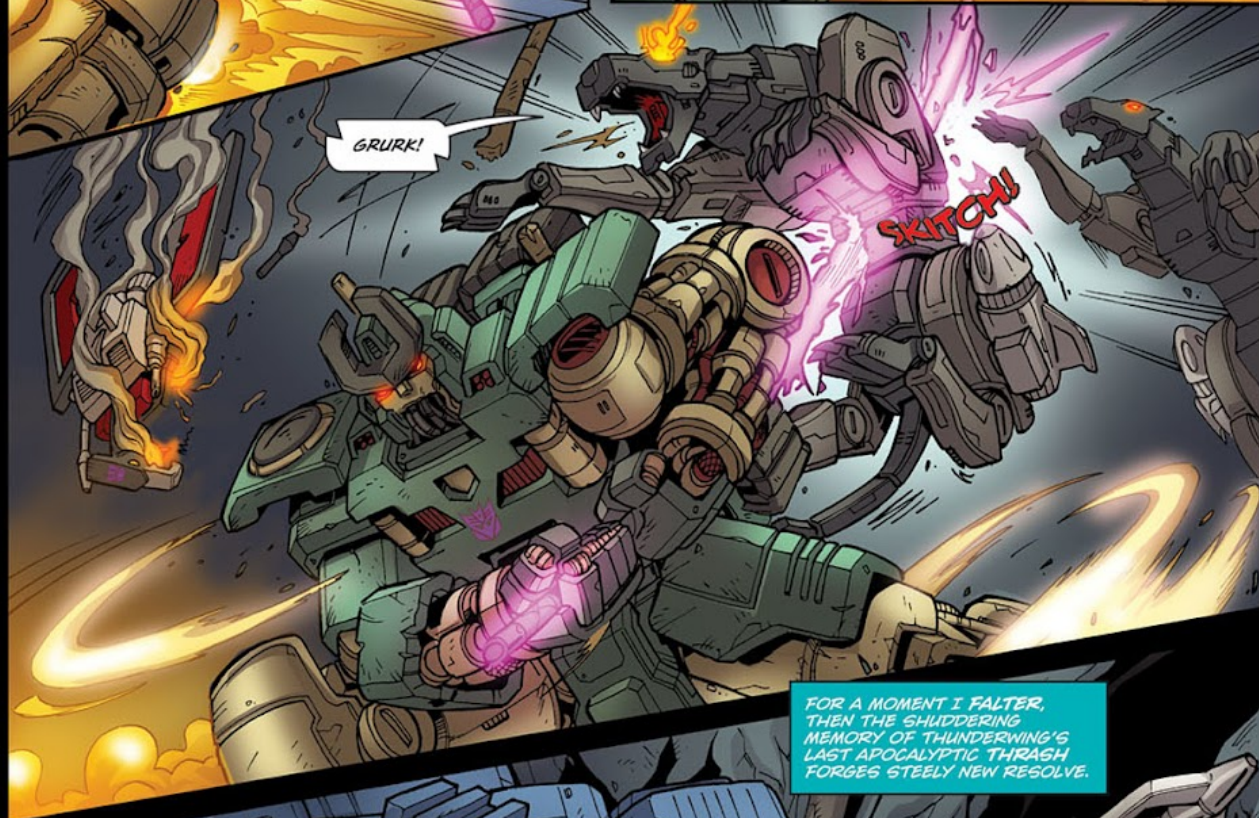


...IS PAVED WITH
GOOD INTENTIONS.



RAAAK!

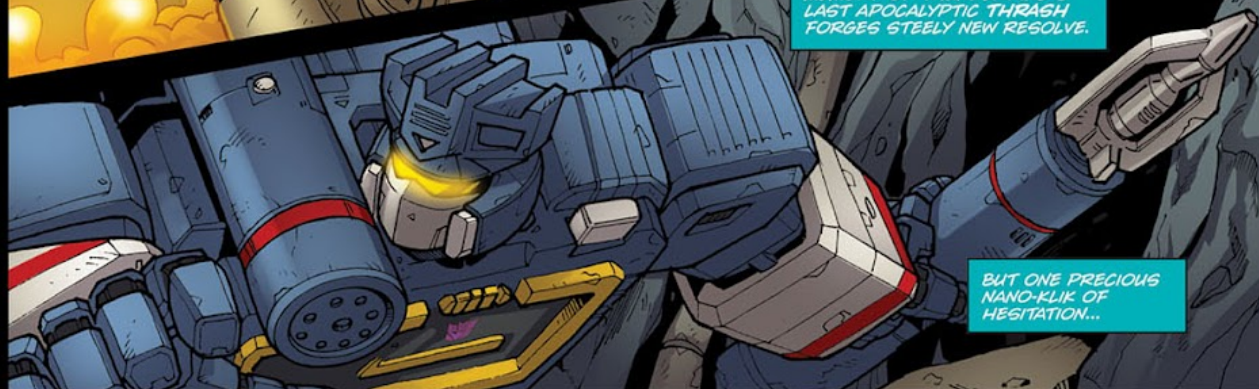
SHAZAK!



GRURK!

SKITCH!

FOR A MOMENT I FALTER,
THEN THE SHUDDERING
MEMORY OF THUNDERWING'S
LAST APOCALYPTIC THRASH
FORGES STEELY NEW RESOLVE.



BUT ONE PRECIOUS
NANO-KLIK OF
HESITATION...



EVEN IF I BEAT IGUANUS TO THE PUNCH, I CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL.

SO...







IN YOUR CASE, I'D
IMAGINE THAT'S A
CONSIDERABLE
INCONVENIENCE.

STILL...



...YOU *WON'T*
HAVE MUCH TIME TO
REFLECT ON YOUR
PREDICAMENT.



WE'RE DONE HERE.

LET'S GO...



I REMAIN ACUTELY,
PAINFULLY AWARE AS THE
PLASMA-DENSITY CHARGE...



EPILOGUE 1:
MOUNT ST. HELENS, 1985.

SKYWATCH:

JOSHUA RED:

THERE, NOW. IF
THAT DOESN'T
GET US OUR
FUNDING...

...NOTHING
WILL!

EPILOGUE 2:
PORTLAND, OREGON, 2007.

THERE,
SEE. IT'S A
CLASSIC.

CLASSIC? IT'S
JUNK, PURE
AND SIMPLE.

BUT HEY, GO
ON, WASTE YOUR
MONEY IF YOU
WANT TO...

...I'M STICKING
WITH MY I-POD!

THE END?